

DEMOCRACY FOR THE INDIANS

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN MAGAZINE

A JOURNAL OF RACE PROGRESS

EDITED BY ARTHUR C. PARKER

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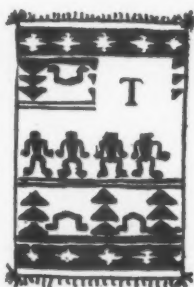
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THE AMERICAN INDIAN MAGAZINE



he American Indian Magazine is issued quarterly and published at Cooperstown, N. Y.

The editors aim to make this journal the medium of communication between students and friends of the American Indian, especially between those engaged in the uplift and advancement of the race. Its text matter is the best that can be secured from the pens of Indians who think along racial lines and from non-Indians whose interest in the affairs of the race is a demonstrated fact.

The Editorial Board has undertaken to carry out the purposes of the Society of American Indians and to afford the American Indian a dignified national organ that shall be peculiarly his own, and published independent of any governmental or sectarian control.

The Editorial Board invites friends of the race to unite with the native American in providing the Journal with a high quality of contributions. Although contributions are reviewed as far as possible, the Magazine merely prints them and the authors of the accepted articles are responsible for the opinions they express. The ideas and desires of individuals may not be in harmony with the policy or expressed beliefs of the Editors but upon a free platform free speech is not to be denied. Contributors must realize that this Magazine cannot undertake to promote individual interests or engage in personal discussions. "The honor of the race and the good of the country shall be paramount."

The purpose of this Magazine is to spread as widely as possible for the use of Indians, non-Indian friends, students, social workers, and teachers the ideas and needs of the race, and to serve as an instrument through and by which the objects of the Society of American Indians may be achieved. We shall be glad to have the American press utilize such material as we may publish where it seems of advantage, and permission will be cheerfully granted providing due credit is given the Journal and the author of the article.

Authors and publishers are invited to send to the Editor-General, for editorial consideration in the Magazine such works of racial, scientific, or sociological interest as may prove of value to the readers of this publication.

All contributions should be sent to The Editor of The American Indian Magazine, 707 20th St., N. W., Washington, D. C., and not to the publication house at Cooperstown, N. Y.

The American Indian Magazine

Published as

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Vol. VI

SPRING, 1918

No. 1

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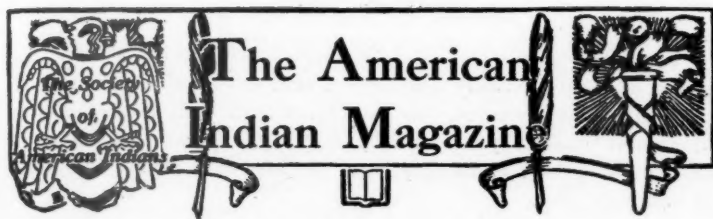
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BEN BRAVE (Sioux)



The Quarterly Journal of the Society of American Indians
"For the Honor of the Race and the Good of the Country"

Vol. VI

January-March, 1918

No. 1

STAND BY YOUR COUNTRY'S FLAG

ALL American Indians, whether citizens or wards are loyal to the country in which they live. This loyalty, however, must be an active vigorous, loyalty and not a mere passive acquiescence to the demand that nothing be done to aid the enemy.

Various departments of the Government have suggested how all Americans may aid in the defense of the country and in the cause of world democracy. All Indians will and must do their utmost,—not only a measly "bit," to help enforce the war policy of the nation. There are real things to do. Among these things let us mention a few, namely, to work with one's might at some productive employment, to be thrifty in the use of food, money and clothing (to Hooverize), to make the highest and best use of all resources, be they brains or land, to serve the country with religious zeal. Service may be in the army or navy, or it may be in working in such a way that one contributes to the needs of the military forces, as by buying Liberty Bonds or growing more corn. There are plenty of ways to serve and these ways will occur to every loyal citizen.

This is no time for a "whispering rebellion." Anyone who voices treason to the United States Government should be reported to the nearest United States Marshal. Enemies must not be given help or shelter, plots must be immediately told to the military or civil authorities. Anyone who keeps quiet about these things is deemed a helper to the treason and can be punished. Tell on the traitor, tell on the spy, tell on the draft evader, tell on the man who spreads false rumors and evil stories about the Government. All these things will be to your interest for *you* are a part of the country. But above all do your part in *producing* things to eat, to wear and to shoot with. If you *work* every working hour in each day you will be helping destroy the enemy. Your laziness is the Kaiser's best encouragement. Your wastefulness is his delight. Work, save, produce!

When the war is over and Democracy achieves its victory, all Indians who have actually done as we here advise will be rewarded as any citizen is rewarded,—by the bestowal of even greater liberty and greater prosperity. Stand by the flag, red men; it is your flag. Under it there is the only hope you may ever expect for yourself and your race.

FRENZIED LIBERTY

Otto H. Kahn, that far seeing patriot, who, though born in Germany, is no friend or apologist for Prussianism, has issued a new booklet containing his Wisconsin University address, delivered January 14. His subject is "Frenzied Liberty," and it covers an important message. We only wish that it might be paraphrased for our Indian people that they might understand the full meaning of liberty and weigh its responsibilities. Not every Indian who cries "Freedom for my people" is capable of guiding his people to freedom, nor may we be sure he knows what freedom is, though he may cry against "tyranny," and "autocracy."

Listen to Otto H. Kahn, when he says, "Liberty in the wild and freakish hands of fanatics has once more, as frequently in the past proved an effective helpmate of autocracy and the twin brother of tyranny.—The deadliest foe of democracy is not autocracy but liberty frenzied.—Liberty is not fool proof. For its beneficent working it demands self restraint, a sane and clear recognition of the practical and attainable and of the fact that there are laws of nature which are beyond our powers to change.

"Liberty can, does and must limit the rights of the strong, it must increasingly guard and promote the well-being of those endowed with lesser gifts for the struggle of existence and success, it must strive in every way consistent with sane recognition of the realities to make life more worth living to those whose existence is cast in the mold of the vast average of mankind; it must give political equality, equality before the law; it must throw wide open to talent and worth the door of opportunity.

"But it must not attempt in fatuous recklessness to make over humanity on the pattern of absolute equality. If and when it does so attempt, it will fail as that attempt has always failed throughout history. For an inscrutable Providence has made inequality of endowment a fundamental law of nature, animate as well as inanimate, and from inequality of physical strength, of brain power and of character, springs inevitably the fact of inequality of results."

The wise friend of his people will not ask "frenzied liberty" for his race. He will ask that every man shall receive what he is able to receive and what is his by right of ability. He will ask

that his Indian people assume responsibility in that measure which they are able to assume. Rights and responsibilities go hand in hand. In Freedom the man with full rights has full responsibilities, but if he has rights and no responsibilities he is enjoying for an uncertain time "frenzied liberty."

Real freedom, the Indian will find, as others have found, is costly and burdensome, but strength comes for the bearing of the burden and with it the consciousness of the true meaning of genuine liberty.

THE TROUBLES OF THE WORLD

Civilization advances as truth is perceived and acted upon. Equally true is it that civilization is retarded as falsehood is held as truth and acted upon as if it were truth.

The woes of savage tribes are the woes of ignorance, superstition, falsehood. When Europeans believed in the divine rights of kings, in witchcraft, in torture for religious beliefs and in the countless oppressions and restrictions of learning and of learned men, Europe was suffering from action based upon falsehood. Those days have passed but the world still suffers countless evils. We admit that civilization is not yet perfect, but why is not civilization perfect? The answer we have already indicated. We still perform actions based upon falsehoods. Some of our beliefs that we follow every day are false and we dare not follow our reason and say so. We are afraid of precedent, we are afraid of the influences that intrench falsehood, *we are afraid of truth and dare not face it.*

In countless ways so-called civilized agencies build up a sophistry that bolsters up falsehood and forces men and the agencies that control human weal to follow the lines laid by falsehood. There is falsehood in our economic philosophy, there is falsehood in our social system and there is falsehood in some of our religious dogmas. Humanity will not emerge to safety, to international brotherhood or to true enlightenment until we face the truth, act upon the edicts of truth and permit the truth to make us free.

The perversions of truth affecting the human species began very early in man's career, and affected by errors, civilization has been of slow growth. Among some divisions of humanity only certain truths have been perceived and acted upon, to the total neglect of others. What is needed, therefore, by all mankind is the intellectual power to perceive truth, the courage to acknowledge truth, and finally the will and the determination to act upon truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Who among us is it that shall dare?

THE Y. M. C. A. BULLETIN

One of the most welcome periodicals that reach our table is the *American Indian Y. M. C. A. Bulletin*. Originally it appeared as the *Haskell Bulletin* and was edited by the Y. M. C. A. secretary at Haskell Institute. Mr. George Shawnee, who is the father of the *Bulletin*, in the short space of seven years has lived to see the *Bulletin* reach out to a usefulness beyond the campus of Haskell. One of the first efforts of the *Bulletin* in its new form has been to compile lists of the Indian men and boys who have entered the army. Each issue contains an inspiring article either by Robert D. Hall or G. Elmer Lindquist and under the caption "Serving the Colors," one may get interesting sketches of the Indian boys who are off for the fight against Prussianism.

HOOVERIZING THE INDIAN APPROPRIATION BILL

More than once members of Congress have paused as they thumbed over the Indian Appropriation bill and asked, "By the way, how much actual good do these Indians get out of this thing? What proportion goes for the support and civilization of the Indians and what proportion goes for the support and stimulation of employees?"

Congress suspects that the \$12,000,000 bill for the Indian service is a trifle too much, considering what the Indians are getting out of it. That amount means \$40 for every Indian in the United States; but for wards cared for in all respects this average is raised to two or three times this sum. For allotted Indians the sum is reduced. For Indian pupils in federal schools the sum is multiplied five times. Now this does not seem much money to pay out to the people who have been dispossessed of a continent and no one begrudges the \$12,000,000,—but the fact is the Indians do not get the full benefit of the money appropriated.

We talk of Hooverizing and we practice it in our daily living. When will Congress Hooverize the Indian Appropriation bill? When will it do it so that it suspects the Indians get something besides the double O in the Hoover?

Meanwhile the service employee with the "missionary spirit" is voluntarily doing, out of the abundance of his or her heart, much, if not most, of the real good that is accomplished. For this they are not paid and can never be paid. They have been "Hooverizing" human values for years, and undertaking the burden of saving from loss that which the inefficient employee has neglected and even injured. For beyond the employee is the *system*. The system needs to be cleansed by a potent Congressional scorbutic. It needs new vision and a new plan of action.

UNITY OF PURPOSE THROUGH PUBLICITY

A week or so ago we picked up a copy of *Collier's Weekly* upon the cover of which was a quotation from Wythe William's article. Emblazoned there in large type was this injunction: "This is a citizens' war and if the citizens are not kept posted on what the army is doing, the stagnation will get worse and worse until the war is indefinitely prolonged, if not lost." Shall we dare translate this into terms of an injunction to Congress regarding Indian affairs? Will it be proper for us to say: "This Indian business is a struggle for citizenship, and if the potential citizens are not kept posted on what the Indian Bureau and the Government service armies are doing, the stagnation of Indian intellect, sensibility and will, will get worse and worse, until the struggle for citizenship is indefinitely prolonged,—if not forever deferred?"

If the Indian Department is to be democratized it must cut out its secrecy and let the Indians, the people vitally concerned, know exactly what it is doing and why. More than this it must actually ask for cooperation and get it spontaneously because of a real incentive which it reveals.

Cooperation will not be secured for autocrats, save by their hirelings and slaves. Under a democratic system it will come because the hoped for reward is seen ahead. There will be a *sharing of responsibility* and a *real acquirement of experience*. The Indians will cooperate when they are positive of the Department's absolute fairness. To get this cooperation there must be a disposition on the part of the Indian Department not only to give the public the facts but to give the Indians a real part in the struggle for the goal. By this is meant an independent part and not a hand-leading. "I never knew how to find my way around New York as long as my father led me through the crowded streets, over one car line, up the elevated and down through the sub-way to our destination. It was only when I wandered alone, overcame my shyness and asked direction, anxiously noted all landmarks and cautiously advanced, that I *learned*. It was *through experience*, that I learned to 'get there.'"

To bring democratic training to the Indians we would suggest an official bulletin of a size that might be posted. This should contain all important news, notices of changes, contemplated action, requests for information and assistance, suggestions as to how the Indians might conserve their real interests and all other matters that affected the Indians on their journey citizenward. Every Indian with interests handled by the government should get a copy of such a document. Certainly this would be consistent with democracy. It would be "letting the Indian know."

Between the Indian and the Government there must be unity of

purpose and direction. A policy must be laid down that is easy to understand and easy to adjust to all circumstances affecting the Indian population. At present as in the past there is a lack of definiteness and a haziness that keeps all Indians and friends of the Indians guessing what is going to happen next. This breeds confusion, constant apprehension and tends to produce a tension that leads to continual hyper-sensitiveness. It makes a neurotic race. No wonder a lot of Indians want to get drunk. Few of us here would want to be sober if we lived under reservation conditions. The cure would be a mutual understanding of the great goal ahead,—the aim to be achieved. Our wabbling aim, which has continued for so many years, has made Poor Lo dizzy. No wonder Secretary Lane has said that the Indian has been confused, and confused because we have been vacillating. You can't make good citizens out of people whose necks are wobbly. Give the Indian one thing to look at at one time, but all the time let him have the facts affecting his interests.

THE LEGAL STATUS OF THE INDIANS

The phrase,—“The legal status of the Indians” has been used so much of late that it would seem that its precise meaning would begin to dawn. As a matter of fact even within the Congress itself, the full significance of the necessity of determining the legal status of the various divisions of the Indians is not realized. One Senator in writing the Editor says that the Indian Department knows the legal status of every Indian tribe. But this is not enough if it were so.

Let it be again asserted that there can be no real advance in the Indian problem until there is a determination of status and the establishment of a series of uniform grades leading to full citizenship.

Why should the Dakota Indians but a generation ago regarded as hostiles be seeking citizenship now and achieving it now, when the New York Indians (who have had a full century of contact with civilization in the east), are not seeking citizenship, but are avoiding it? Why should not the equally intelligent among Indians everywhere have an equal civic status? Why, when a bill for conferring citizenship upon Indians is introduced do Congressmen immediately commence to make exceptions of the Osage, the Five Civilized Tribes and the New York Indians?

Any citizenship bill that is not correctly drawn with a full understanding of the necessary grades of intelligence and competency required to meet all the responsibilities of citizenship will not be a bill of rights but an act of errors.

Citizenship involves responsibilities of the most serious kind. In this age we see that in a Democracy the individual citizen is a co-partner in determining the welfare of not only his country but of the world. If citizenship involves responsibility it also involves the means of satisfying that responsibility. There may be certain classes that are only able to bear certain responsibilities and are immune or relieved from others. These are then only partial citizens. Some Indians are partial citizens. Some Indians who are amply able are not citizens. Some Indians who are ill fitted for citizenship presumably have it. To bring about an equitable balance there must be a determination of status based upon intelligence and competency.

In many cases there are barriers to the establishment of uniformity. With the New York Indians it is the treaty of 1794 and the so-called Ogden land claim. Why should anything stand in the way of national justice? As Dr. Carrithers said at Philadelphia, why should we follow in the path of error we have trodden; why not turn back at the very beginning of our error and start right there by giving the Indians the rights he should have had? Why not?

Why not determine the legal status of the various divisions of the Indians both tribal and individual and then give to each what his own ability determines he shall have?

BRINGING DEMOCRACY TO THE INDIANS

It would seem that to bring democracy to the Indians several perfectly just things might be done, things long advocated and long discussed. Chief of these things are paying off all the tribal claims found just; breaking up into individual portions all trust funds; full publicity in all matters affecting any individual, band or tribal interest; definiteness of purpose following an announced policy; full protection for the uneducated with full responsibility for the competent and finally citizenship for all Indians in the United States.

The United States Government has powers enough to insure protection to Indian property, just as it has for Post Office property. The Government is great and powerful enough to grant democracy to her first inhabitants. A way might be devised to make the various states having an Indian population assume the oversight and jurisdiction of Indian citizens and their property, as trustees for the United States. Penalties for malfeasance could be made severe enough to enforce honest action. Otherwise are we to say that we distrust the instruments of Democracy?

It looks as if democracy would only be achieved for the Indians when all were citizens and the Indian Bureau relegated to a department of Indian disbursements, charged with paying out the

remaining funds due from the treaties and contracts of the Government. It looks as if Congress were aware of this democratic necessity. It only remains to see how the end can be achieved in a democratic way, and democratic justice assured.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONFERENCE

There was evidence of true inspiration back of the plan to call a conference of the friends of the Indians at Philadelphia, January 21-22.

The officers of the Indian Rights Association believed that though war was absorbing the attention of the nation it should not blind the American people to their obligations to the Indians. The call went forth for a Conference in which there could be the fullest, frankest discussion of Indian affairs, unrestricted by any form of "fear of offence." The invitation read:

It will be the purpose of the Conference to discuss the general Indian situation in a serious and frank manner, recognizing that which is good and not glossing over any existing evils.

On account of the war-time urgency, Indian interests are apt seriously to suffer, unless some special effort is made to keep them to the front. That this is a critical time for the Red Man needs no argument, and it behooves us to determine upon those things which are necessary for his welfare, through legislation or by other means. When the Great Effort is to make the world safe for Democracy, we must not forget that Democracy at home ought to be safe for the Indian.

There is need for close supervision of the Indian bills coming up in the present session of Congress, and because of the attention that must necessarily be given to war measures, there is danger that some undesirable legislation may be enacted unless we are on the alert.

Consideration should be given to some constructive measures that ought to be enacted by Congress. These involve—

1. The best plan looking to the complete absorption of the Indian into our body politic?
2. To what extent shall greater responsibility be placed upon Indians in the management of their own affairs?
3. How can the termination of communal relations, which anticipates closing the tribal rolls, be accomplished?

This initial call, throughout the sessions of the Conference was lived up to. Nothing was glossed over, the truth was sought; but beyond seeking truth was the studied purpose to discover how truth might be applied as a working principle to the administration of

Indian affairs. The members of the Conference were and still are anxious to be of real assistance to the Government in fulfilling their duties as citizens in the bringing of justice and fair play for the red man. The questions asked in the preliminary program indicate the direction that discussion took.

One of the strongest addresses that dealt with the reservation Indian was given by Dr. W. W. Carithers of Apache, Oklahoma. It was a sane, clear statement of the Indians' condition as a product of an erroneous system of dealing, but equally clear was his plea for a returning to the point where the country made its error in policy and starting all over, instead of continuing in the path of error. "We have always been planning for the Indian," said Dr. Carithers, "and not allowed the Indian to plan for himself."

Dr. Thomas C. Moffett answered in his address the question, "What is the Condition of the Indian Service: is it fulfilling its mission; if not, how has it failed?"

Dr. Moffett showed how his answer must be, "Yes and no." He gave Commissioner Sells and the Indian Office due credit and said the Commissioner had been courageous and vigorous. "I say today, all praise to the present Federal administration of Indian affairs to save the Indians and elevate them to a higher plane in the spirit of kindness and the spirit of helpfulness."

"Now turn to the other side. I would answer, 'No. The Indian Office is not fulfilling its mission.'—We ought to bear down on the Indian Office for the way they smooth over and cover up whited sepulchers.—I do not believe that the Indian Office has any right to cover these things over.—These men should not be allowed to run to cover and escape under a resignation. The Indian service is too paternalistic,—too taken with itself."

There were other addresses by Mr. S. M. Brosius, Agent of the Indian Rights Association, by Gen. R. H. Pratt, by Mr. Matthew K. Sniffin, Rev. Robert D. Hall, Miss Collins, Dennison Wheelock, Esq., and Dr. Eliot. Each address was to the point and carried with it a lesson in constructive thinking.

We have hoped ere this to publish a full account of the proceedings to this historic conference, memorable because of its energetic thinking. Those who were fortunate enough to be able to attend took part in a real conference that is having real fruits and will not lose its influence for years to come.

The officers of the Conference were Dr. Eliot, Chairman of the Program and Business Committee, and Dr. F. A. McKenzie, Chairman of the Resolution Committee, Matthew K. Sniffin, Secretary. Through the generous nominations of Mr. Welsh and Dr. Eliot, the President of the Society of American Indians was elected the Chairman.

Several important matters were touched upon and re-emphasized

during the Conference. Dr. McKenzie and Miss Sara Newlin called attention to the need of the Carter Code bill, Mr. Brosius spoke upon the Hayden Citizenship bill providing for the segregation of tribal funds, A. S. Hill spoke on the condition of the New York Indians and Mr. Welsh, Mr. Hall and Mr. Brown spoke upon the peyote problem.

It is to be hoped that the full text of the conference may soon be published.

THE INDIAN SOLDIER

BY GEORGE STEELE SEYMOUR

LORD of the mountain and the plain he stands,
Ready and prompt to take his country's part,
Erect, with steadfast eyes and willing hands
And loyal heart.

Like the proud eagle who on dauntless wing
Makes his unfettered way across the blue,
He knows no law but nature's, and no king
But Manitou.

Out on the prairie at his wild sire's knee
He early learned all tyrants to despise,
The common hate of men by strength made free,
By courage wise.

So when the war-cry roused the peaceful morn
With its fell threat to all he holds most dear,
True to his blood, Columbia's eldest born
Responded, "Here!"

Son of a great, unconquerable line;
Into his hand put Freedom's holy grail,
And though for him it hold but Death's dark wine,
He will not fail.



EDITORIAL COMMENT



THE AMERICAN INDIAN IN THE WORLD CRISIS*

THERE are several sorts of patriotism and as many kinds of patriots. There is the patriot who shouts at a passing parade, or perhaps leads the parade carrying the flag, and who the next day audits the profits his store has made because of the holiday crowd. Then there is the patriot who, in the primitive sense, loves his native land and believes it the greatest in the universe; loves it because it contains his possessions and because he derives his livelihood there. There is another sort of patriot who, holding himself as merely an individual unit in his country, and more largely an individual of human society, has within himself the consciousness of his individual responsibility to society, and who recognizes that his real safety and profit comes from the safety and prosperity of all mankind, not merely himself. Thus, we have with us the shouting patriot, the emotional patriot, who for the sake of the good opinion of his fellows waves the flag; we have the selfish patriot who measures patriotism by his individual comfort and freedom; we have the *world-patriot* who pledges his life and fortune that his fellow countrymen and his brothers in the world fellowship may enjoy life, liberty and pursuit of happiness.

The Indian a World Patriot

The American Indian today stands before the world today as a "world patriot." He has pledged all his possessions, the lives of 10,000 his keenest and most physically sound men, and with them all his ideals of universal justice,—to the service of the United States of America and to the cause of world-wide democracy.

The most conservative of estimates place the value of Indian possessions in the United States of America at one billion dollars. There are three hundred thousand Indians in the country today. Once they numbered more than a million and once they owned a continent with all its undeveloped resources. Yet, notwithstanding, these shrunken figures, an Indian of the Kaw tribe, a United States Senator from Kansas named Charles Curtis, arose in the United States Senate and introduced a bill by which all the funds of the Indian tribes within the United States held in the Federal treasury were pledged to the financial support of the Government. Specifically,

* An address by Arthur C. Parker, delivered before the Albany Institute, February 5, 1918.

this Indian in behalf of his kindred by blood pledged \$100,000,000 to the Liberty Loan. If every white man had pledged an equal individual amount the first Liberty Loan would have totalled fifty billion dollars. If dollars pledged indicate any measure of patriotism the measure of the red man of America is full and running over.

Indian patriotism is no new thing. Once any Indian tribe fully understood the moral justice of any patriotic cause they entered it fully and freely. There were Indians in the regiments of Washington, there were Indians in the first battles of the Revolutionary war, at Lexington and at Bunker Hill, in the campaigns in the Hudson valley and about New York. In every battle of the nation since that time there have been Indian patriots willing to lay down their lives for the triumph of a nation conceived as this nation was conceived. It was only when Indians were encroached upon and confused as to the policy of the country that they took up arms against it,—the only effective way by which they could protest.

Though they have suffered much injustice, though every treaty forced upon the Indians has been broken by the Nation, though their lands have been taken from them, their women and children massacred by our military units, though they have been repressed and segregated, yet in this world struggle, this gigantic war for human freedom, for the establishment of government of men by the consent and cooperation of the governed, the American Indian is loyal to the United States and to the cause of the Allies. There is absolutely no doubt of this. They are in America and with America to the finish.

What is the Indian Today?

The great majority of citizens have no adequate idea of the Indian and how he exists today. Circuses and dime novels have colored our views until we have very distorted notions of what the Indian is, what his capacities are and what his destiny in the nation is to be. This is unfortunate; for the Indian it is tragic. It is not only an injustice to the Indian but a costly item in our national budget. We pay out \$12,000,000 annually to help make good the wrongs we have done.

For the past quarter century the Indians have been gradually entering the national life as farmers, stockmen, business and professional men. Many Indians today are successful citizens and earning their livelihood just as other Americans do. Yet, most persons think of the Indian as "vanishing from the earth," incapable of taking upon himself our civilization, and as still living upon his reservation, wearing a blanket and sleeping in a tepee. At best we think of him as a sort of renegade and the accomplice of moving picture hold-ups. Once in a while we hear of Indians in the Carlisle

school or read that a few are dressed partially in citizens clothing and doing some farming. But we seldom think of taking the Indian unto ourselves and giving him a citizen's chance.

Our present attitude toward the Indians has wronged him more than the bullets of the frontiersman. Our Congress has never defined the status of the Indian and it has permitted a department of the Interior Department to act, think for, and take care of the tribal Indian's business. The Indian once an independent being is now compelled to fawn at the hand of an Indian Agent, whose knowledge of civics, social hygiene and of the laws of progress have in many instances been all too meager.

Out of such conditions, and in spite of them, the Indians of the reservations have to some extent extricated themselves. Their ancient life is gone and they understand to a large extent that they must live as the conditions of the world today make necessary. Thus the grandson of a buffalo hunter must become a stockman or a butcher, the son of a chief must become a citizen and run for Congress, the son of the medicine man must get a diploma from a college of physicians and surgeons. The peace-chief lives to see his son a lawyer practising before the supreme court, and, what is more surprising, the Indian women are now entering law and medicine. The point is that *we* of today, the citizens of the country, must understand that the Indian can no longer live his idyllic old life any more than we can live the lives of our Puritan fathers, or our pirate ancestors of "the good old days." We must understand that the Indians have the same capacity as we have, once they have a white man's chance in white America. Reservation segregation has meant stagnation and unspeakable woe. It still does today. The only just and logical way to understand the Indian and judge his capacity is to watch the Indian who is *away* from the reservation. It is then his previous training and the effects of reservation environment count for success or failure, according to the effort the individual makes. Then we must consider him as human as we are, and as doing just as we would under similar environment and previous training. In our thoughts, in our subconsciousness we have got to stop thinking of Indians as a special social order. Only then can we do right by the Indian. Meanwhile the Indians are making a remarkable struggle, one of the most remarkable, I think, in history, to do right by themselves and by us. It is the struggle for adjustment, to attain the civic and economic standard.

The Efforts of the S. A. I.

In this struggle to place the Indians of the country upon a sound economic and civic footing the Society of American Indians is playing a conspicuous part. The fundamental philosophy which

it has enunciated is everywhere being accepted as the standard of action in Indian affairs. This Society was organized at Ohio State University in 1911 and had its beginnings in a small gathering of six educated Indians called together by Professor Fayette A. McKenzie, Professor of Economics and Sociology at the University. Today more than 1,500 Indian men and women, many of them university graduates and in the professions, are engaged in this struggle for the adjustment of their race. With them are an equal number of white Americans who stand for a square deal for all Americans. I do not know that you can get a better knowledge of what the Indians are doing for America than to know what the members of this Society of American Indians are doing.

Most of you have read *Collier's Weekly*, and whether you agree with it or not, you must admit it is a force among the national periodicals. For some time the associate editor of *Collier's* was a Cherokee Indian named John Oskison, graduate of Leland Stanford and a post-graduate student of Harvard. For several years John Oskison has been writing syndicated articles on finance and economics,—telling people how to live better and how to spend their money better. Mr. Oskison was a member of the first Conference of the Society of American Indians. Today he is a lieutenant in the U. S. Army, in command of a machine gun company. In a recent letter he wrote, "Come along over there with me and together we'll give the Kaiser a taste of Hades." "Oskey" as we call him received his recent military training at Plattsburg.

The first president of the Society of American Indians was Rev. Sherman Coolidge, now canon of the Cathedral at Laramie, Wyoming. He is a real fighting parson and a crack shot with an automatic. It is hard to realize that a full blood Arapahoe can take to the kind of civilization that killed off his parents and relatives with machine guns. But, Dr. Coolidge forgets past wrongs and forgives them, for with only a prayer in his heart he baptized and later married the children of the army officer responsible for the mistaken raid on the peaceful Indian camp where his parents lived and so tragically died. Canon Coolidge graduated from Seabury divinity school, studied at Hobart College and took his military training at Shattuck Academy, one of the "A" class academies on the War Department books. It is quite likely that Canon Coolidge will not go to war for it is suggested that Democracy needs him at home to make civilization safe for it.

Work of Gabe E. Parker.

In the personality of Hon. Gabe E. Parker we have an ideal Choctaw, an ideal American and a first class business man. Mr. Gabe Parker formerly Registrar of the Treasury, is the Vice-Presi-

dent on Education of the Society. He is also the Superintendent of the Five Civilized Tribes of Oklahoma. He is responsible for the annual handling of millions of dollars of tribal funds, and you may be sure he is an absolutely "honest Indian."

Gabe Parker not only handles money but he gets it, and for Uncle Sam. A few weeks ago a Creek Indian came to him with a story something like this:

"I'd like to buy some Liberty Bonds. I hear Uncle Sam needs some money so as to fight. I can't fight now, but I can lend my money."

"Well, how much can you invest?" was the inquiry.

"My bank balance is about \$750,000," said the Indian. I have a house, a farm patch, enough to eat. I spend very little, maybe-so \$125.00 a month. That's enough. I'll give all the rest."

Then suiting action to words, Jackson Barnett, an illiterate Creek and a Government ward, drew his check for \$650,000 worth of Liberty Bonds. "But hold on," said he, "I'd like to give outright \$50,000 to the Red Cross."

Jackson Barnett is a patriot, but that patriotism was made potent through faith in a man of his own blood, Gabe Parker.

Gabe Parker, canvassed the Indians under his Agency and the Government report shows that he collected from them for the Liberty Loan something like four millions of dollars. It looks as if it were painfully true that "good Indians" were the *live Indians*, and I hope you and all America will agree with me that this shall be so.

Congressman Charles D. Carter is a Chickasaw Indian and former chief of his tribe. Becoming tired of teaching and keeping a store down in Carter County, Oklahoma, he ran for Congress and arrived. Mr. Carter is the former Vice-President on Legislation of the Society of American Indians. At present, as it quite proper, he is the Chairman of the Indian Committee of the House.

The Indians of Oklahoma have responded splendidly to the call of the country for men, real men, and long before the outbreak they were enlisting in the regular army and in the National Guard. More than two per cent of the Oklahoma Indians volunteered for service as early as one year ago. They have supplied, I am told, men who range all the way from first class private to Major.

It was a matter of country wide interest to note the part taken by the Indians in the draft and registration in riots in Oklahoma. The Indians hunted with all their ancestral cunning, the shirking, non-working I.W.W. rioters, and the full blood Seminoles who were sworn is as deputies made the bushes of the Ozarks unhealthy places for traitors. It was with patriotic glee that they marched them to the Sheriff or Marshall and delivered them over to the

courts and to the authorities. Those who thought they could stir up the Indians to revolt got a rude and deserved shock.

The Indian and the Liberty Loan

While we have the thought of the Liberty Loan still fresh in our minds it may be well to relate the story of an old Navajo down in Arizona. Manuel for many years had been down in old Mexico where he had been held as a peon. Practically he was a slave, but during his long working hours in which he sought to extricate himself from hopeless debt, he never forgot that Yankee country up north where there was no peonage. During the early stages of the last Mexican anarchy Manuel broke away and found his way back to his tribe. Earnestly did he labor, for he had learned the work-habit, and all Navajos are industrious. After shearing much sheep wool he found himself possessed with more than one hundred silver dollars of American money. Ah, now he was free and a capitalist! No longer did the strain of peonage color his soul. He was free. He knew that freedom had a price. To celebrate he hired a native silversmith to solder one hundred silver links to as many silver dollars and then with great care he sewed with buckskin thongs fifty dollars to the seam of each leathern trouser leg. The dollars overlapped and jingled merrily as he walked the trails with his broken stride. "He was free, Manuel was free!" this is what the eagles on the dollars sang. "Manuel is free, and can buy what he desires." Then came the rumbles of war. Trickling through bits of conversation, Manuel in Spanish began to understand that the freedom of the world was imperiled. Down to the trading post he strode, his silver dollars making him feel almost as proud as a chief. He listened and heard of Liberty Bonds. Ah, so this liberty could be purchased. It was a case of having money. Well did this old slave understand that freedom could be bought. He did a great deal of thinking. He jingled his worshipped leggins and thought how like a chief he was. Long had he worked for those dollars. Yet,—the world was weeping for freedom. One morning Manuel walked into a bank down on the border. He was carrying his sombrero in his hand and it appeared to be very heavy. In broken Spanish-Mexican he began to speak of Liberty. He laid down his hat and took from it one hundred dollars from which the silver loops had been melted. All were very bright and polished. "I can not fight,—too old," he said. "I can no fight for libre but I can buy the liberty bond." He counted out the money and departed with a receipt assuring him a bond. Down the street he strode, a little more erect than before, but no silver dollars jingled as he walked. No he did not feel almost as proud as a chief; he was even prouder. He felt, as he expressed it like "Americano." He

had a right to be proud for he had invested his most treasured possessions in an assurance of liberty for all mankind. Americans like these cannot be conquered for they fight with their souls.

Indians in Europe

When the war burst over Europe there were perhaps forty American Indians in Germany and Austria, some as opera singers and others with American wild west shows. Among them were a dozen or more Onondaga Indians from New York State. The war destroyed all their business hopes and the shows were stranded. With great difficulty these Onondagas made their way from Vienna and Posen to Holland. They were frequently mobbed, stoned and in other ways abused, the populace thinking them Russians or Servians. At length a good Yankee consul sent them home, and what a good place America did seem to these war stranded red skins. A few years ago one of the Seneca Chiefs toured Germany. Before he went he told me that he hoped to see the Kaiser and preach the Indian religion to him. He came back disappointed in not being able to talk to the Kaiser, but more than this he came back to his family with a tale that Germany was a country of warriors getting ready to fight somebody. A month ago I had a letter



CARLISLE BOYS WHO VOLUNTEERED

EARL WILBUR

WM. LITTLEWOLF

JEROME FEATHER

from the reservation telling that Jesse Cornplanter, son of this chief, has enlisted in the United States Army and was going over to Germany with another sort of message for the Kaiser. Young Cornplanter will find himself in good company and with a couple of million men ready to carry a pretty potent message over the top to take to Berlin. Be sure of this that before the war is over, feet that once wore moccasins will tread the streets of Potsdam, and that the American red man,—call him by what other name you may,—will help civilize an autocracy gone mad with the lust for power.

The Indians did not wait for the draft. Long before we entered the struggle Indians had gone over the border and enlisted with the Canadian forces. Indeed on some of the Canadian reservations the Dominion Government had encouraged the formation of Indian companies and battalions. Thus when the first blood was shed the Canadian Indians were ready and went their way to the transports eager for the fray "over there." Hundreds more joined such regiments as they could, some of the best equipped enlisting in the famous Princess Pat regiment. Many Indian boys from the United States joined that regiment and won immortal honors in its heroic work in the front line. Among these are Lieutenant Longlance the Cherokee who was about to enter West Point when a real chance for service came. Then there was Ernest Kick the Oneida who lost his life at Vimy Ridge, and Harold Griffis whose father was a Kiowa. Griffis' real name is Tahan, meaning Fighting-man. Thrice he was wounded, the last time being one of eight survivors of his company. Had his companion not pulled a Hun's bayonet from his leg and shot the Hun, Harold might never have lived to re-enlist in the engineers' troops back of the lines. To the Canadians, Indians are Canadians,—brothers in the big fight. Just so they are here in the United States, where more than 5,000 Indians have enlisted voluntarily. They are in all branches of the service.

Indian School Training

One of the finest bits of training that the Indian boy received in the Federal Indian schools, such as Carlisle, Haskell, Chillico or Chewawa, was his military drill. Well do I remember the fine battalion of Haskell as they lined up for review by the Conference of the Society of American Indians at Lawrence, Kansas in 1915. Every man of them was fit for a top sergeant or a lieutenant. Today some of them have reached these grades.

Eagerly did the youth in the Indian schools respond to country's demand for men. It was difficult to hold them back. Carlisle has supplied three Captains and several Lieutenants. There is Captain Gardner, once known as Bill Gardner, the football coach and Captain Welsh the present coach, both Indians. They are not attached to any Indian troop for there is none such. This is an all-American war and we are not running our population through a blood grader to separate the English from the Italian. All we ask of an American is that he is an *American* and not *Hun-American*. Those last we grade out.

And so it is that the Indian enters the fighting forces of the army and navy. Nothing could be better for the Indian of the reservation, for the Army is a training school of Americanism. It is elbow association that unites Americans and gives them a common ideal. In entering the army of his own will and accord the Indian

gets what he does not on a reservation, the right of choice of the form of service he shall render. His personal fitness and ability counts there.

It is for this American right of choice that the Society of American Indians and their friends have been fighting. In this American scheme of things we did not want segregated units of Indian troops to be formed, into which, willy-nilly the Indians should be compelled to serve. We spread our propaganda, talked to Senators, congressmen, influential men everywhere. The War Department held our view of things, and this in spite of influential men who had a mistaken notion that the Indians should be rounded up in units of their own. If the Indians had desired this all would have been well but they did not. They simply ignored the advertisers and schemers who wanted the credit of organizing spectacular troops of red men. It was at the bottom, the scheme of the advertising agent of a big department store.

The plan was for troops of cavalry and it was insisted that they patrol the Mexican border. But, the Indians do not want to guard the Mexican Border; they want to go "over there" where a Belgium lies bleeding, where small nations have been crushed and cry for strong men to redeem them, they want to get into Europe and use their might in restoring civilization there. And they are going,—going as aviators, artillerymen, bakers, quartermasters, horsemen, signalmen and everything else. Of one fact be sure,—the Indians who go are going as patriots and fighters.

One of the really fine things the Indians are doing is the publication of "The American Indian Y.M.C.A. Bulletin," a paper founded by a Shawnee Indian at Haskell Institute. The Indian boys make good Y.M.C.A. workers and are sending men to the battle line to do work for the Association. One of these men whom I personally know is L. S. Walkingstick, who left his junior year at Dartmouth to enter the service. Personally he is one of the finest types of the modern Indian of whom I know. He walked into my office in the Education Building a month or so ago and told me that he had been called as Secretary for the Y.M.C.A. in Mesopotamia and was to serve the British troops there. Is this not a triumph of Democracy? What finer illustration could one have of the new internationalism? Here we have an American Indian from Oklahoma going to Mesopotamia and contributing to the spiritual and mental needs of Britishers.

The spirit of the first Americans and their patriotic fervor is kept active by many patriotic agencies, none perhaps keener than The American Indian Magazine, the official organ of the Indians.

The Indian in The Fight for Democracy

The rational world is demanding democracy for all nations, re-

spect for the rights of the smaller groups, the sanctity of treaties and open diplomacy. The Indians of America have suffered long the woes of these things ignored. Patiently they have submitted to the inevitable and obeyed the laws of the land. They have sought as their light gave them vision to win back their heritage by labor and thrift. They are entering the body politic to become a force for weal or woe in it. For the time being they are forgetting themselves, and with the manhood of America challenged by an infamous autocracy they have responded,—they fight.

Some day the thousands from abroad will return to ask for the freedom, the citizenship and the right of self government for which they fought and shed their blood on the other side. If America today will think, and care and give the few simple things for which the Indians of America have memorialized the President and Congress there will be some recompense. If not the three hundred thousand red men will struggle on with aching hearts and with the feeling that they have been denied the justice that so great a nation should give and freely give. In that measure by which you who hear this message ignore the red man's call you will have contributed to the continuation of his present difficulties.

But whatever you do or any one else does, the Indian, you may be sure will render every possible service, to America, his country, and will struggle on not only for his own regeneration but for the even greater ennoblement of this Republic.



MAKING DEMOCRACY SAFE FOR THE INDIANS*

BY ARTHUR C. PARKER

COMPLAINT against the existing order is not always indicative of anarchism; it may be on the other hand a healthy call to greater progress and wider application of world justice. Complaints against the Indian Office have been continual since its creation but at irregular intervals these complaints become more acute and again die down to a low, almost inaudible rumble. It would be an interesting study to trace the curve of complaint against this branch of the Government's activities and to determine the various causes that directed it.

Complaint against the Indian Bureau is not lodged without cause, but whatever the specific cause, the complaint is indicative of one or more evils that affect the living condition, the vital requirements of the Indians. The Bureau may be blamable. Congress may be at fault, or the errors and imperfections of modern "civilized society" may be the factors that react to the injury of the complaining people. Perhaps all these factors are responsible for the conditions bringing forth the complaint. We ought to inquire, and soberly, just what the basic trouble is and then with courage correct what we can. What we cannot correct we must seek in other ways to overcome, or, we must determine that the Indians become properly adjusted, that they may live notwithstanding the environment that militates against them.

Before we venture too far we ought to find out definitely whether or not society is not itself blameworthy for some of the defects we credit to governmental agencies. Certainly it appears to be, for the thousand frauds could never have been perpetrated on Indians, despoiling them of lands, money, resources and even life, itself, had not human society, our so-called "civilization" permitted it—which forces us to inquire whether or not a true civilization could or would permit such encroachments upon the lives and liberties of other men as have been made upon the red race in America. If we say that real civilization could not and would not permit such injustice and lack of consideration, then we must admit now, what the future will attribute to us in abundant measures, a lack of real civilization. In a large measure we are still barbarians restrained mostly by the prohibitions and penalties imposed by statutes, and not by the overwhelming force of our moral convictions. But, in material attainment we may lay some claim to civilization. This attainment has been possible largely by the subordination of human

* An address made before the Federated Conference of The Friends of the Indians, Philadelphia, January 21, 1918.

society to the direction of economic agencies. In other words, our relations one to another, our measures of expediency and our government are largely directed and controlled by the rules, customs and the laws of trade and barter. We hedge these things about by protective laws and in every way seek to conserve and encourage commerce, even though human lives are impaired, lost or dwarfed. Our aim as expressed by our attainments has been *material acquisition* and has not been spiritual expansion and *spiritual freedom*.

It is because we have been playing the game of "Get" that we have robbed the Indian. He did not know what he was playing, did not know the rules of the game, did not know that he had his lands and allotments stacked like chips; he only knew that every time the white man said, "Come on, let's deal with one another," that *he* lost something. The game was too complex for the red man, and not because he did not himself barter, but because he did not have the means of making an elaborate set of rules and have the power to enforce them. The result has been that the man who knew the rules got the possessions of the men who did not. It was an unequal game. How was the red man to know that when he signed something that he thought was a promise to deliver a hundred beaver skins that one year later he must lose all his land because what he thought and what he was told differed from what reality proved the paper he signed to be. How were the Indians to know that the treaties they signed were documents that contained verbage that could be construed differently from what they understood. The Indians *lost* and the laws of the land and the courts sanctioned the winnings of the man or men who knew the rules of the game. Does not the law say that when you sign your name to a document you are bound to perform what the document says? That's the rule of the game; society sanctions it. How the history of the Indian's experience with the white man rings with complaint against the rules of this commercial game played by predatory society. Do the Indians' complaints indicate nothing but pique or do they point out an evil that infects and affects all civilization built up on the "economic theory"?

Yet, how shall we of today change the order of society and rebuild civilization? Only as awakened conscience and intelligence causes all to do so. But until we do change our way we shall continue to approve and even encourage the exploitation of all weaker peoples,—peoples who are less acquainted with the rules of this game.

So much for our indictment of civilization. We have robbed the Indian because we are civilized and because it is a part of civilization to do so. Yet our higher ideals of a true relation of men one with the other disapprove of our entrenched, legalized buccaneering.

It was partially because it was understood that the customs and demands of civilization and the forces it employed to secure possessions might work hardship upon the Indian population that the Indian tribes and bands were segregated on reservations and treated by the Government as a separate order of society, but this was not the primary cause of the reservation system. The initial thought was the white man's welfare and the desire of the dominant race to protect itself from the retaliation of the Indians and from their "savage fury." It was thought that they were largely incapable of civilization to any numerical extent, though for protective purposes softening influences were sent to them, but, as we know, the contaminating influences had preceded fast and hard to bring negation. It was when it was discovered that the native race was indeed a human race reacting to environment precisely as the whites would under similar circumstances that a real awakening in methods began. It was found that a changed environment and familiarity with the same ideals produced a class of native people in almost every respect like white people, and this not because of imitation only. Then the enormity of our earlier mistakes dawned upon us, but we are still influenced by our earlier errors, and govern our Indian wards in accordance with principles that are far from consistent with our better ideals of government. Because it *was* done so we *still* do so and resist innovation as dangerous.

The complaints of the Indians and their friends when reduced to analysis are found to consist of protests against certain actions that are admitted by all to be inconsistent with our democratic ideals. The Indians are not, and have not, been treated in a democratic way. We govern them, but not with their cooperation or consent; conversely, we *impose* our will upon them. In making laws for them and for their government we seldom or never consult their wishes. In our administration of Indian affairs we do not seek to make the Indians affected well acquainted with our aims. Except in a perfunctory legal way we do not publish those laws for their benefit. Very seldom have they knowledge of any contemplated action by the Indian Department. They are but silent, passive spectators of their own fate and so far as the laws and administrative policy goes have no part in it. They move as they are moved.

Our policy, with all its vacillation and alterations, it will be seen, is autocratic. Certainly no one will defend it as democratic. Our Indian policy has prevented the development and independence of character that springs from knowledge of personal responsibility. With these facts in mind, if we have in mind real democracy for the Indian, we are prepared to suggest a remedy.

In the first place it should no longer be admitted, to quote the words of Secretary Lane, "The Government has no consistent philosophy either as to legislation or as to administration touching Indian

Affairs." The remedy would be the inauguration of a consistent policy philosophically constructed upon democratic principles. You never can do this by any sort of process that leaves the Indian Bureau in existence as an autocratic institution with the power to arbitrarily impose government. Though an autocratic bureau may have a perfect machine for doing what it desires with Indians; though its card indexes and loose leaf ledgers may be the latest, it will still fail in accomplishing a democratic end. This will be simply because in handling Indian money and property it also handles as commodities and chattels the souls and the liberties of men, and by its short-sighted paternalism prevents that most necessary of all things in a changing environment,—*experience*. Experience is a biological requisite for survival.

Therefore, if we are consistent in our aim to bring democracy to all the peoples of the earth let us deal with the Indians in a democratic way.

It would be democratic for Congress to assert now, and without further delay, that all Indians within the United States of America are citizens or candidate citizens of the land. If their lands and trust funds are held under special tenure this would not then injure the status of the people as citizens.

It would be democratic to let Indians know what the government intends to do with their lands, inherited, surplus or allotted. In other forms of regulation, every contemplated move of the government should be thoroughly explained to these "citizens of democracy." Surely they have a primary right to know the purpose of action, if they are to be educated and trained as members of the Commonwealth.

The Government through its Congress, and the Department of Indian Affairs should never forget that the making of citizens who are intelligent men and women and who shall be responsive to all the requirements of a democracy is the chief function of all special dealings with the Indian, on the part of the Government. Until the Government recognizes the primary right of the Indians to have full knowledge of their affairs, of acts affecting their personal rights and property, it will be making "democracy unsafe" for Indians. Indeed, a persistence of the present policy will work hardship that will be cumulative in its effects, for the natural impulses is to evade or break laws that one has had no part in framing.

The Data of Solution

Just how a speedy settlement of the details that make up the "Indian problem" may be brought about has been frequently set forth. To summarize these details of adjustment we shall but name them. 1st, a definite aim logically projected; 2d, a defined statute; 3d, admission of Indian claims to the Court of Claims for adjudi-

cation; 4th, the breaking up of tribal funds into individual apportionments; 5th, the cessation of annuities; 6th, definite and genuine participation in affairs that concern their personal and landed interests; 7th, knowledge beforehand of contemplated action; 8th, opportunity to acquire experience and to feel the weight of responsibility; 9th, real citizenship and genuine protection where special interests are involved.

If anything else is to be added to this category it might be an insistence on the part of the Government that frauds committed upon Indians will not be tolerated, notwithstanding the fact that to highly civilized business men who have power and a knowledge of the law's quirks, may defraud in a "perfectly legitimate way." Moral principle should rule in such transactions and the Government should insist that the moral principle have precedence over legal loopholes.

We are making war against autocracy in order, as we have stated our aims, "to make the world safe for democracy." This paper, criticizing, as it does an existing order, may be called too highly theoretical, yet we are engaged in a gigantic world war over a theory—the theory of the right of the smaller peoples to determine how they shall live and be governed, and we are warning that the smaller peoples may be safe. We are making war that on earth democracy, government by the consent of the governed, may triumph as the working theory of human society. Perhaps, then, it will be well for us to reconstruct our theory of Indian administration, and in our practical affairs follow the theory of making democracy safe for the Indian.

But we shall never get anywhere until we break the grip of the Indian Department in its repressing hold upon the lives and the development of the Indians. So long as the Indian Office is constituted as it is, it will insist upon thinking for the Indians and denying them the experience they should naturally have. If we can do nothing else let us say that the Bureau shall be limited to be a Department of Indian Disbursements charged with paying out that which treaties, contracts and Congress order. Then if we still desire to send men who are to superintend the social hygiene, the civilization, of the Indians, let us insist that they be men with training, human insight and the love of God and their fellow men in their hearts. This point cannot be over-emphasized, for the converse is true—Indians cannot be civilized and made men of acumen by ex-slave-drivers or by uncouth brutes without sympathy.

Our American Indians are today in France on the battle line, fighting that liberty, fraternity and equality of opportunity may prevail throughout the world. Are they to return and find that they alone of all human kind are denied these blood-bought privileges? We who remain here to labor, to think and to conserve true democracy are responsible for the answer!

JUSTICE ON A RESERVATION

A STORY OF AN ACTUAL HAPPENING

BY GRACE COOLIDGE

HE was a young man of roving eye and taking ways, of ardent, rather obvious glance, and—though this latter fact was of course incidental—he was also a member of the Indian mounted police force.

Now it was the custom, during the term of office of a certain school superintendent who experienced difficulty in controlling his ill-understood charges, to keep one of the police force stationed on the school grounds to watch, to report and to restrain. So he of the roving eye was delegated to that work. His name, by the way, was Harry Little Dog. He was allowed to place himself where he pleased about the plant so long as he kept himself in evidence, and the large tin star upon his breast proclaimed to curious student eyes the authority he represented. If his clothes were unduly vivid, if ribbons adorned his hat, if sheepskin shaps decked his person; if, and most of all, his roving eye went forth constantly seeking encounter, these were decidedly incidentals which concerned no one but himself. And if the girls—the older girls—passed frequently down the steps of the dormitory building on their way to or from the school room, or on household duties bent; if their eyes, roving also, met his, why—youth is youth, and life at a government boarding school for pupils and policeman alike is uneventful in the extreme.

After several days of these visual encounters, Pauline, the pretty one, issued forth from the dormitory door and passed on down the steps into the basement, a steaming bucket of hot water in one hand, a mop in the other. Her sleek braid was looped up with a big ribbon bow and as she walked, slowly, she peered back over her shoulder. It seemed as though it was not of his own volition that he, looking at her clapped his heels to his pony's sides, so that even as she disappeared within the basement door his horse gave a great bound in her direction. Then, strangely enough as the horse leaped he recollected suddenly that that very morning he had been instructed to go at once and see to something—let me see, was it—about steam pipes? Just what was said to have been wrong with them or where the trouble was to be found he really could not recall, but obviously the basement was a likely place to which to go to find disordered steam pipes. He swung down from his horse and, straight, vivid, and jingling he strode up the terrace steps two at a time and down the basement ones with equal speed.

Now the superintendent sat at his office window and gazed vacantly about him. His eyes ranged the dusty, crude room, the

sunlit valley without. He looked because he had eyes, but having little above the eyes he saw not much more deeply. But he noted the direction taken by pretty Pauline, and later by Harry.

In one corner of his office the steam pipes rattled and dripped spasmodically. A tin basin caught most of the spurting flow. The sound of the falling water recalled to him that he himself that morning had told Harry about this leak which needed instant repairing. He had also instructed him as to the whereabouts of the tools that he would need to mend it. And Harry had listened, seemingly, though his roving eyes were questing about somewhere in the region of the superintendent's back. The man noting the young fellow's careless attitude, a sort of fury, dumb and impotent, had shaken him. Of course it was in no wise the duties of a policeman to turn plumber—but lines are not drawn too finely in the Indian service. The superintendent demanded at least obedience. Subsequently he had noticed Harry for a good three hours sitting his horse in idleness while the steam pipes dripped and little black tongue of water licked out over the office door. And then suddenly the policeman had come to life and had leaped from his horse and sped away to be engulfed by the basement door, whither also had gone that child, Pauline, (the superintendent used another noun) the prettiest and most troublesome girl in the school.

The man was constitutionally better at glowering than he was at reprimand; but this time he decided instantly that he had stood enough. He got suddenly to his feet. He was a heavy man but his tread was light as though he was one who would preferably go without attracting attention, and come without warning. So now on speeding, soundless feet he descended the basement stairs.

What happened after he arrived there has probably never been correctly told. The three who took part in the scene gave subsequently each a different version of it.

Before Harry was finally arrested by the civil authorities the whole affair was threshed over in the presence of the agent. At the investigation Pauline admitted that when the superintendent had come upon them—they had not heard a sound of his approach—she and Harry had been "skylarkin'." When further questioned as to what she meant she had ducked her head, laughed out of the corners of her eyes and elucidated: "Oh! kind of gigglin'." Then further asked whether she had been a witness of what the superintendent claimed Harry had done to him she replied at once that indeed she had not, in fact in her own opinion Harry had done nothing of what was alleged. Her testimony though clear and positive enough was considered—and not unnaturally—to be prejudiced.

Harry's version was that he—Harry—had been made mad at the very moment of the superintendent's entry, at something the man had said—in fact, at a certain name that he had called Pauline.—The

girl listening flushed a little.—When pressed Harry refused to repeat it. He had then strode up close in front of the older man and had bestowed upon him, in retaliation, an ugly epithet. Then the superintendent had lifted one of his fat hands—Harry turned supercilious eyes upon the offending member—and had struck him upon the side of his face. On receiving the blow involuntarily his own hand had flown to the gun upon his hip, though he had not drawn it from its scabbard. He was very insistent upon this latter point. And as soon as he had realized what he was doing, or seeming to be doing, he had recalled his impetuous hand.

The young policeman stood straight; he was exceedingly good-looking in his gay clothes; he spoke in a fiery, nonchalant manner, withered the fat superintendent with an occasional contemptuous glance. Pauline's eyes were continually busy seeking his, then fleeing away only to be lured to him again.

At last, ponderously and with unction, the superintendent told his story. He first spoke of the incident of the leaky steam pipe, magnifying a little the extent of the damage, repeating his curt command to Harry as though it had been a sort of urgent appeal. Then he had gone on to say that soon after he had noticed Pauline, mop in hand, going into the basement and that the thought had come to him that perhaps some further pipe trouble had been discovered and that the girl had been sent there to mop up the flow.

Pauline interrupted him at once. "But I had a bucket of hot water in my hand." Her glance was on him, contemptuously also.

"Did you, my dear? Well? I didn't notice that."

Pauline's eyes sought Harry's.

The superintendent continued. On reaching the basement he had been somewhat horrified to see—to see—"Well, I won't say they were embracing."

"What will you say they were doing?" asked the agent.

"Skylarkin'," murmured Pauline.

"—that they were seemingly near to doing so," continued the unctuous voice. "This young girl is temporarily at least in my care therefore I confronted the man at once, remonstrating with him."

"What that word mean?" put in Harry.

Several glances silenced him.

"I suppose I spoke with undue vehemence. I know that I shook my finger in his face—"

"Not my face," remarked Harry.

"Silence! Silence!" said the agent. "You've had your turn."

"—then quick as a flash he whipped out his gun from the scabbard and aimed it at me. His finger was on the trigger, his eyes looked like those of a maddened beast. I confess I was thoroughly frightened."

There followed a moment of silence. Then from the back of

the room a voice spoke. "If Harry pulled his gun on him at all I'm sure it was in rather a bad jest. He—he's somewhat of a 'Smart Alec.'"

"He probably never did pull it on him, as he—Harry—said," grunted some one. "Mr. Hodges was excited. He says as much himself. Pauline, did he pull his gun on him?"

The agent rapped loudly on the table. "I beg your pardon but I am under the impression that I am the one conducting this inquiry."

"Oh! All right. You are. Excuse me."

Thus the affair dragged, or was jerked on. In the end the agent not being able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion turned the case over to the local authorities. That move culminated in Harry being arested and taken to Rawdon, the county seat, fifteen miles distant, to jail. Court was held in Rawdon twice a year, therefore for five months did Harry remain immured in the small stale lock-up with its shifting, uneasy tenantry, no white man being willing and no Indian able, to go bail for him.

At last his case came to trial before a jury of his so-called peers; old-timers whose memories reached back to the days of frontier warfare and constant Indian depredations, or younger men living on ranches neighboring to the reservation, who looked constantly with green-tinged eyes upon the Indian farms across the border lying untilled, and of course, untaxed, while they on their side sweated to support themselves and the state.

The testimony, given this time without side-remark, was repeated. Harry demanded an interpreter and got one, though of what particular benefit his services were is not plain. The trial resulted in Harry being sent to the penitentiary at Rock Creek for fifteen months.

Just before Harry's actual arrest we about the Agency were being thrilled by the fragmentary reports that reached us that a murder had been committed in a certain distant part of the reservation. At the Agency office little seemed to be known of it. What I gathered of it I learned mostly from whispers going stealthily about the camps.

Whittington was the name of the Indian who had done the killing. He was not an Arapahoe but a member of the other tribe living upon the same reservation. He was an old, evil, cynical man, a mescal eater, a gambler, a man possessed of an evil old wife whom he seemed neither to condemn nor to drive away; a careless, misanthropic, secretive old man who did not seek nor give friendship.

The story was that in a certain "draw," in the remote Bad Lands, he had come upon an old man called Rides Last and between them a discussion had ensued relative to a horse ridden by Rides Last but claimed by Whittington. In the quarrel Rides Last—so said Whittington—had pulled his gun on him and he, Whittington,

had been obliged to shoot in self defense. Incidentally the old man had been killed.

At last Whittington came and reported the happening to the agent, but not however until long after the story was in every mouth in the camps.

After some delay and a few weak efforts on the part of the agent to obtain evidence the matter was turned over to the county officials. It really would seem almost an empty formality even to arrest the man. He asserted that there were no witnesses to his deed and common sense confirmed his statement. The old man who had been killed was almost without friends, no one seemed to take much interest in his side of the case.

Then a very adventurous person whispered something in my ear. "There *were* witnesses. Two 'Rapahoe women seen it. They were gatherin' wood that day, a good way off of course, but they seen." These women it seemed believed that the old man had not drawn his gun first—nor indeed at all. They had been, naturally, very much shocked by what they had so advertantly witnessed, and after the nature of their kind were all for keeping the fact and their relation to it hidden. Not a word indeed had they spoken till the story of the crime was being told broadcast.

I passed on this bit of news. Finally some white person reported it definitely to the agent.

"Indeed," said he. On a scrap of paper he jotted down some sketchy notes. "Unfortunate these alleged witnesses did not make their connection with the affair known earlier. Of course now that the investigation had been conducted and concluded by me, it seems hardly justifiable to reopen it—at any rate they must have been at a great distance off. Then Whittington, you know, is really one of my best and most reliable men, head of my police force and all that. I rely on him greatly. And the women who claim to have seen the event are Arapahoes. Now would their testimony against one of the other tribes with whom they are known to be at constant odds, be of value? Really I can't think so. And after all the affair was entirely between Indians—there was no white man in any way involved. That being the case I should hardly feel justified, as I said, in taking the matter up again. You understand."

* * * * *

I remember the day the sheriff came for Harry. The buggy containing the two men stopped before the Agency office. The sheriff handed the reins to the prisoner and jumped down to go inside. He was seeking an overcoat and arctics to borrow for his charge who had neither. The weather was very cold and the drive of fifteen miles could not be accomplished in less than an hour and a half. During the wait quite a group of Indians had time to gather. They were all mounted; there were guns in evidence. There seemed to be

very plainly visible a good deal of excitement and dissatisfaction. It almost looked as though there was going to be trouble; a flash in the pan, to be followed to those responsible by the usual consequences.

But nothing untoward did happen. For a mile or two the Indians scampered and crowded about the sheriff's buggy, naked rifles held across saddles. Faces were grim, eyes hard. The prisoner's roving glance strayed from friend to friend. But no word was said. Finally the low hills about the valley being reached, one of the riders swung his horse about and started homeward, a little uncertainly. Others followed suit. Then doggedly in a long irregular line they all loped back into the valley.

Just before the group of riders left the prisoner, however, they had all passed close in front of Whittington's camp. He stood before his tent bareheaded, shading his eyes with his hand; lean, slouching, unkempt, bold, sardonic, cunning; his wilful, disgraceful old wife beside him, staring likewise after the flying group.

All of us who were about the Agency at the time rushed out to see the excitement. A man's voice at my elbow spoke to me suddenly. "The old fellow over there by the tent is the one that's said to have done that killin,' ain't he?" I glanced around. The voice belonged to an old mule-skinner of some local reputation. "And the young man ridin' with the sheriff is likewise said to have pulled his gun at the wrong time. An officer using his authority against—well, against authority. Say, they most generally picture her with a blindfold on, don't they?"

"What? Blindfold? Who?"

He laughed a boyish, hearty laugh. "Why, Justice."

"Justice?"

"I've worked a long time with a pack outfit, mules, you know. And I savvy all about blindfolds. We most always have to blindfold the mules before we can pack 'em. If we didn't they'd kick every blame thing to smithereens. May be that old girl, you savvy who I mean, well, may be around in this Injun country anyhow, you got to treat that old girl Justice the same way."



INGRAHAM CHARLIE, MY FRIEND ALL'E TIME

BY ALANSON SKINNER

IN the heart of the Florida Everglades, on a prehistoric Indian mound, stands Jack Tigertail's camp, half a dozen tent roofs of palmetto thatch, supported by beams and shading the sleeping scaffolds beneath from the savage semi-tropical sun. These, surrounding a cooking-house in the center, and a rude canoe landing, constitute the entire architectural aspect of the settlement, a typical Seminole village.

One evening late in last August, three canoes bearing a party of six travelers approached this camp. Two of them were Seminole Indians, clad only in gorgeous calico shirts, two of them were "Crackers," as the native whites of the South are called, and the other two were Mr. Julian A. Dimock of Peekamoose, N. Y., and the writer.

As the newcomers approached, half a dozen naked children ran away from the water's edge screaming with terror, several women peered cautiously out from behind the lodges, and a couple of big dogs ran barking to meet us. Pigs scrambled under the platforms and chickens dispersed with squawking alacrity.

No wonder we caused so much excitement, for Tigertail's camp had never before been visited by white men, and the arrival of no less than four "Isti-hatki" was an event, the portent of which the inhabitants could only forbode. Tigertail and Ingraham Charlie, however, called out cheerily, and in a few moments the fugitives reappeared from every expected and unexpected place, and crowded about, alive with curiosity.

Some sixty years ago, the Seminole nation was one of the most powerful Indian tribes in the Southeast, but owing to the cupidity of the white man they were slowly driven from their country. Not indeed without wars and bloodshed, which finally culminated in the exile of the entire tribe to Oklahoma, with the sole exception of some three hundred souls who managed to escape to those vast swamps, the Everglades and the Big Cypress. There they remain to this day, as wild and intractable as the alligators on whom they prey, unreconciled to the white man, and resenting any attempt of the Paleface to intrude upon them, the last wild Indians of eastern North America.

As we disembarked from our canoes, the younger of the two Indians, Ingraham Charlie, picked up my gun and pack.

"You stop my house," he said, displaying his beautiful teeth with an expansive grin, and so saying, he carried my belongings to one of the shacks. The rest of the party were told by Tigertail,

who was the headman of the camp, where they might place their outfits, and as soon as everything was disposed of, we assembled at the eating-house to partake of "sofkee" (Indian soup), and vension.

Every Seminole camp has the houses arranged in a rough hollow rectangle, leaving an open square within, in the center of which stands a cooking-house, where food is prepared by the squaws for the entire camp. One of the dwellings, usually the largest, is reserved as an eating-house, and here strangers are regaled as soon as they arrive. In most cases this house is used as a public sleeping-place, and the visitors sleep here, but at Tigertail's camp it was occupied by a widow and her children, so we were obliged to sleep in the lodges of the villagers.

After several days spent at this village in obtaining specimens and information for the Museum, I decided to go to another camp a few miles distant. At this village, however, lived a hostile Indian called "Willie Willie." Willie Willie is the most implacable anti-paleface in the Everglades. The year before, when he was encamped on the Miami River, a white man attempted to visit his camp. Willie Willie ordered him off, but when he persisted, the Indian shot him. The white man eventually recovered and Willie Willie was severely punished by the other Indians, but he remained as unreconciled as ever. It was well known by white men and red that Willie Willie had sworn that no white man should ever come to his camp again and leave alive.

But Willie Willie's band has many things that museums need. So, remembering the old saw, "Nothing venture, nothing have," I determined to visit him, be the risk what it might. To this end we held a little council. Tigertail and Ingraham Charlie were alarmed.

"You *no* go! Think you hiëpus (go) Willie Willie make you big sleep (dead)."

At last, however, they said that if we were determined to proceed we had better send Brown and Knight (our guides), both of whom were well known to Willie Willie, on ahead of us. This we decided to do, so they left the next morning, taking with them two little Indian boys to show the way.

As Willie Willie's camp was not far off, we expected the men back in a short time. Dimock busied himself with loading his camera, I played solitaire with an antique deck of cards, Tigertail went off 'gator hunting, and Ingraham began work on a new house.

Hours flew by. Tigertail returned. The women called us to eat at noon. Then the long sunlight of the subtropical afternoon began to be encroached on by long evening shadows. A feeling of uneasiness settled among us. Ingraham and Tigertail talked together for a long time. They walked to the water's edge, and gazed in the direction of Willie Willie's camp, and then came up to their respective houses. Ingraham fumbled in the thatch over my head, where

I lay dozing, and produced a Winchester which he loaded and set handily by. I roused myself and our eyes met anxiously. Then I got my rifle and loaded it too, for I understood. Ingraham was preparing for the worst, and he meant to die for us, fighting against his own people, if need be.

But our fears were unnecessary, for the next moment Tiger-tail called sharply, and looking up, we saw the canoe bearing our men approaching in the distance, and a few moments later we had the satisfaction of greeting them, pale and frightened, as they came in.

It seems that they found the camp with little difficulty, but as they drew near, the Indians saw them and began to sound the war-whoop. As they came closer, an old man, carrying a rifle, ran to the shore, shouting something in Seminole. The two Indian boys at once leaped from the canoe and splashed off into concealment. Pretending that he could not understand, Brown poled the canoe up to the boat landing and jumped ashore, confronting the old man, who immediately turned his back on him and disappeared in the bushes.

The moment the old fellow vanished seven armed warriors appeared on the scene. At the head of the little band stood Willie Willie, who demanded angrily what Brown and Knight meant by coming to his camp. Brown tried to explain, and for two hours he labored with the menacing Seminoles explaining over and over again who he was and recalling the fact that his father and he in all their lifelong dealings with the Indians had never lied, stolen, or cheated.

All this the Indians admitted to be true, for they knew Brown well. At length they invited him to eat, the first sign that a Seminole is relenting. While the white men feasted, the old man, Willie Willie's father and the head of the camp, was sent for. He too knew Brown of old but like the rest, he was inexorable.

"You come my camp, all right. Me savvy (know) you ojus (well). Somebody else white man, you no bring 'um. Now you hiëpus (get out)."

And the two white men did hiëpus!

Someone, a missionary perhaps, had taught Ingraham Charlie how to write a little, and we had given him a pencil and a notebook to practice in. Late that night, as I sat beside the fire brooding over our rude rebuff, he came softly to me. Putting one arm around my neck, he thrust a page torn from the book into my hands. On it was scrawled

"Ingraham Charlie
camp
come boys
all right
me no care

* * * * *

Skinner good friend all the time

come my camp me no care
stop three days go Miami
gone long way of New York
come back see me next time."

The good fellow could not bear to think that his guests had been so roughly treated. A week later when we parted on the streets of Miami, Ingraham squeezed my hand once more and said, "My friend all'e time, me *no* forget!" and so, come what may in the after years, I still have the comfortable knowledge that whether my friends of a more civilized race remain true or not, somewhere in the far off fastnesses of the Everglades or in the Big Cypress, lives Ingraham Charlie, "my friend, all'e time." And me too "no forget."

Thus, in spite of all my adventures, there remain "somewhere in Florida" a lot of Seminole relics protected by the vigilance of Willie Willie. I could not gain them for the great museum in New York, but I did gain the regard of a friend and this I prize. Like a true Seminole Willie Willie did not forget that he meant what he said when he said no white strangers should encroach upon his camp, and like a true Seminole Ingraham Charlie will not forget his pledge.

WE ARE AT WAR

: : :

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ARTHUR C. PARKER—EDITOR GENERAL

EDITORIAL OFFICE

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THE EDITORIAL COUNCIL invites friends of the race to unite with the native American in providing this quarterly Magazine with a high quality of contributions. Although contributions are reviewed as far as possible, *The American Indian Magazine* merely prints them and the authors of the accepted articles are responsible for the opinions they express. The ideas and desires of the individuals may not be in harmony with the policy or expressed beliefs of the Society but upon a free platform free speech can not be limited. Contributors must realize that this journal can not undertake to promote individual interests or engage in personal discussions. "The honor of the race and the good of the country shall be paramount."

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IN THE EDITORIAL SANCTUM

THE SIOUX NUMBER OF OUR MAGAZINE

THE last number of THE AMERICAN INDIAN MAGAZINE, October-December, 1917, made a considerable impression. It was not a uniform impression,—that is to say not all of our members and those connected with Indian affairs viewed it in the same light. Some looked over the Magazine with unmixed horror, as if the Editor had become the rankest Bolshevikist, some immediately took up the cudgel and warned us of our error, some expressed the fear that we would be accused of Apacheism and ruin our good name and hinder our cause.

It was of lasting inspiration, however, to find that some of those closest to the solution of this "Indian Problem" saw through our criticisms of the Indian Office. There were some who trusted us and believed in our sincerity. These will be the first to see the good that we endeavored to achieve brought to accomplishment. We are not purposeless critics nor actuated merely by a desire to find fault. The fault *finder* seldom does much good; the fault *remover* does the real good.

We set forth in the "Sioux Number" to accomplish good. If we were severe, the faults we saw were still more severe. If we made some errors, we were seeking to rectify greater errors. Much that we endeavored to accomplish has been done. We did a considerable amount of good and helped others to see how and where good could be done. We shall not boast nor shall we now mention achievements. We only desire to mention to our friends that when, at times, we blow our trumpet loud, there is something that needs attention, *immediately*. Remember it was the blast of the ram's horn and not a lover's flute that tumbled over the walls of Jericho. But, also remember, that back of the blast of the ram's horn was a company of men that were willing to march and who had faith.

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

For the purpose of settling some of the business matters of the Society the President and Secretary called a business conference in Washington on February 8th. There were a number of Indians in Washington at the time and it was thought that it might be an occasion of a "get-together time" that would be of profit to all of us.

After the reports of the business committees and officers there were addresses by members and visiting Indians. Mr. M. K. Sniffen, presented a report on the condition of the treasurer's books, and after checking the accounts found that there was the correct amount of cash in the bank.

Some of the speakers named on the program, prepared by Dr. Eastman and Mrs. Boinin, were, Gen. R. H. Pratt, T. G. Bishop, Dr. Charles A. Eastman, G. E. Tinker, James I. Goffey and Senator Johnson of South Dakota. Plans were laid for a general conference of the Society with recommendations of choosing Pierre, S. D.

WEIGHING A PUPIL'S FAULTS

The problem of conducting a school for Indians is often times a perplexing one. To deal with children coming from home surroundings not of the standard demanded by American ways of living, requires a large amount of tact. First of all a school superintendent must know what his school system requires him to do, and second, it is equally important that he understand in a sympathetic manner his pupils. Each one is a problem in himself and what is a good method of procedure with one is not effective with another. Children are individuals having different temperaments and justice must therefore be circumspect—it must weigh the elements it seeks to affect.

The problem of discipline in an Indian school is one of the most important that confronts a superintendent. When a pupil is disobedient, it is certain, that discipline requires that he be trained "in the way he should go." There are many reasons why children are vicious, disobedient, sullen and indifferent. The reason must be sought out with studious care, just as a physician would look for bacteria in the blood of a patient. Before punishment is given there should be a competent inquiry into the physical and mental condition of the pupil. We believe that a disciplinarian should know in a reasonably certain way the following facts before he punishes a child: 1, Is my patient well nourished? 2, Is he tubercular? 3, Is he affected with adenoids? 4, Are his vision and hearing normal? 5, What is the condition of his heart, stomach, kidneys, skin, teeth, etc.? 6, Are all secretions normal? 7, Are there any evidences of abnormal personal habits? II. Mental traits: 1, Does the pupil appear to be normal mentally? 2, Measured in four grades (A, B, C, D) how would you estimate the following capacities of the pupil: will power, perseverance, attention, concentration, memory, ability to express thought, initiative? 3, Measured in four grades how would you estimate the following traits of the pupil: Moral courage, truthfulness, powers of reasoning, rational actions, playfulness, generosity, sociability, kindness to others, ability to get along with others, temper under ordinary conditions, temper under provocation, adaptability? III. Home conditions and heredity: 1, From what kind of a home did the pupil come? 2, What kind of parents did he have? 3, What

was the home discipline? 4, How much affection was ever given the child? 5, Is the pupil of a nomadic, roving disposition? 6, What are his hereditary traits, so far as is known? IV. Personal habits: 1, Neatness of clothing; 2, cleanliness of body, face, hands, finger-nails, etc.; 3, How does the pupil behave at the table? (handling of knife and fork, chewing of food, amount eaten, are lips held closed when chewing)? 4, Is the pupil careful to bathe often, hands cleansed before eating, hair combed neatly? 5, Taste in dress? V. Moral nature: 1, Is the pupil inclined to be religious? 2, Is he superstitious? 3, Cruel? 4, Just in judgment of others? 5, Tolerant? 6, Has any injustice (fancied or otherwise) ever been done him? 7, Does he want sympathy because of some sorrow or grievance? 8, Has he some difficulty that he wants adjusted? 9, Has he something that he would like to confess to a friend he has confidence in? 10, Does he appear desperate because of some real or fancied slight, insult, grievance, sorrow? 11, What has been done by those responsible for his care and training to draw the pupil out and help him square himself, with himself and with society? 12, To what extent does the pupil recognize the existence and power of a Supreme Being and the right of others to modify or control his actions?

These are just a few things that every disciplinarian and every school superintendent should know. We have written them down without study or redraft, just as they occurred to us and therefore the list is susceptible of revision, and expansion. When the disciplinarian knows his pupil, and that pupil is sent to him as a subject for correction, a just "punishment," can be given. Without this knowledge a pupil should not be beaten with rod or strap, scolded, humiliated, confined or otherwise be maltreated. As well might a sick man, whose malady had not been diagnosed, be turned over to an ignorant quack with a nauseating dose for all ills, as a morally sick pupil given a "dose of punishment" for an act that was caused by some disease of behavior that required expert attention and a real remedy. The time has passed when moral ills can be driven out by "scaring the devil out of a man," or beating it out with sticks. Check up the pupil if you would check out his faults.

THE CARLISLE ARROW AND RED MAN

The December number of the *Carlisle Arrow and Red Man* (published December 21,) was a Christmas number designed for a greeting to Carlisle's sons in the Air, Water and Land service of the country. It is a notable number and one that should be preserved for its historical importance. It contains several timely articles and notes, excerpts from letters of boys in the service and finally a dozen

pictures of the boys in uniform, together with a list of those in the service. The printing is in red and blue, making possible flag decorations. The type and borders are a neat black though the initial cover is decorated in green. The print shop at Carlisle deserves a lot of credit for their fine, artistic production.

THE INDIAN LEADER

The Indian Leader, published at Haskell Institute, Lawrence, comes out with a new cover design. It is good, but what is inside the cover is better. The frontispiece is a service flag with 151 stars. There is also a neatly drawn roster of the ex-students in the service. All except 15 are volunteers but the drafted men were not less eager to go. One thing strikes one as significant, in looking over the list of young men who have enlisted; it is that the service for which they sought enlistment is a form of service that required *training*. The men serving in the infantry are in the minority, from Haskell, though this may be no indication that the infantry man is not trained.

THESE BUSY MONTHS

The Spring number of the Magazine appears a little later than usual but we are chiefly concerned with the fact that it has appeared. For most of our active and associate members these have been busy months during which our time has been consumed by many varied activities,—all leading to the main issue before the country today, "to win the war."



MEN WHOSE LIVES ARE WORTH WHILE

A PROGRESSIVE PAWNEE

THE Pawnee are among the most interesting of the people of the plains and the physical appearance of the Pawnee has excited many favorable remarks. They have always been good business men, and indeed, it is to the credit, or otherwise, of the Pawnee that Kansas was discovered. It was their kinsman, Turk, who held as a slave by the Indians of New Mexico, filled Coronado with tales of the wealth and splendor of Quivira, a portion of Kansas. This was in 1541.



STACY MATLOCK, (PAWNEE)

Stacy Matlock is a Pawnee and one of the most progressive of a splendid tribe that has never had a clash with the armed forces of the United States. His home is in Pawnee, Oklahoma, where he has been in business for a number of years as farmer and banker. As a business man or emissary for his tribe he is a commanding figure wherever he appears. His early education was received at Carlisle under General Pratt. It may be through General Pratt's teachings that Mr. Matlock knows that the wealth and splendor of his state come not from fabulous deposits of gold but from the results of labor, perseverance and thrift.

AN INDIAN EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

The *Holland Index* is a live newspaper published in Holland, Minnesota. The editor and publisher is James Irving, a Yankton Sioux, who was formerly the instructor in printing at Pipestone Indian School. Mr. Irving believes in citizenship and all the activities of citizenship.



JAMES IRVING, (SIOUX)

During his early years he was a pupil at St. Paul School at Greenwood, S. D., and later attended the Government schools at Genoa and Lawrence. He chose as a trade printing,—that fascinating art that has shown the way to success to so many young men. The spell of the printing press urged him on to a study of law and James Irving went to the Illinois College of Law in Chicago. Later

he matriculated in the University of Oregon Law school but being without definite resources felt that he must await an opportunity when he could come back with funds enough to carry him through. The Government Indian service had openings and Mr. Irving took a position under Uncle Sam, working with great satisfaction for eleven years. He did not go back to law but he built up a profitable business outside of his salaried duties, and one who studies the advertising columns of various periodicals will observe that Mr. Irving believes in advertising.

For more than twelve years Mr. Irving has supported himself by his earnings, always determined to win. In his new venture Mr. Irving carries with him a great deal of practical experience and one may judge by the way he grasps the details of business that he will succeed. One interesting point in his business career should be noticed; it is that his allotment on the Yankton reservation remains intact. He is an allottee and a citizen but he has not sold his land. This is of considerable importance, for it demonstrates that it is possible for an Indian to earn a living and accumulate a business without drawing upon "the source of the last resort," the land of his fathers that has been parceled out to him. He himself has found the way by labor and good judgment to live successfully.

DR. ROLAND A. NICHOLS, "THE STAMP OF A MAN WHO WINS"

The gift of oratory traditionally inherent in the Indian blood frequently finds expression in the Indian and the descendent of the Indian today. Dr. Roland Nichols by descent is a Pottawatomie and enough of a Pottawatomie to have land interests among them which are recognized by the Government. Speaking from the platform of Memorial Hall in Columbus, Ohio, at the second conference of the Society of American Indians, Dr. Nichols on Mothers' Day paid an eloquent tribute to his Indian mother and the things he had learned from her lips. It is a part of Dr. Nichols' profession to be eloquent, and the gift of eloquence inherent in his Indian blood has come down in abundance to him.

For many years Dr. Nichols was a clergyman, for ten years serving as minister in Worcester, Mass. Later he preached from the pulpit of the Jackson Boulevard Christian church in Chicago. His powers of oratory gradually led to the lecture and lyceum field where he has had unusual success. One newspaper says of him, "He is just the stamp of a man who wins his hearers at the outset and who is able to retain their attention to the end." The "stamp of a man who wins," is the right stamp, it seems to us and we find ourselves inquiring "What stamp of a man am I?" That is one of the secrets of Dr. Nichols' magnetism; he makes men search them-

selves and make stronger and better resolves. This is probably especially true when one hears his lecture, "The Man Worth While." The secret of his power is his deep sincerity for he says what he



believes, and better still, lives what he believes. Dr. Nichols' home is in Hiram, Ohio, but his workshop is wherever there is a receptive human heart.

GEORGE H. KELLOGG, FRIEND OF ACCURACY

Sometimes a man's business or profession exercises a large degree of control over his thoughts. Sometimes it is the principles within him that direct both thought and action. But it is certain that business expediency never directed George H. Kellogg to do anything for his own profit if sound, honest principles made the feeblest protest. Mr. Kellogg is a believer in accuracy and insists upon seeing things as they are; deception he despises.

His profession is that of an expert in photography, which perhaps results from his love of accuracy. The photograph gets things as they are and in photography every play of light and shadow count, and to get them a thousandth part of a second may be a factor. The Eastman Kodak Company employs Mr. Kellogg because of his

ability and Mr. Kellogg serves the Eastman Kodak Company because he understands accuracy.

Whether it is the reflection of his business or of his native principles, we do not know, but Mr. Kellogg is a warm friend of the Indians and has assisted many an Indian boy and girl to find a place in life worth while. He and his wife are the fatherly and motherly advisers to the Indians of Rochester, N. Y., and upon the neighboring reservation, but they never intrude their advice.



GEORGE H. KELLOGG

The advice is always sought because the Indians have learned to have confidence in Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg. To many an Indian youth from the Tonawanda reservation George Kellogg is Uncle George and they are proud to claim his friendship.

His voice many a time has been raised in protest over fraudulent Indian ceremonies staged for profit and given merely to entertain the crowds for advertising purposes. The sham of fake ceremonies and adoptions, the sham of cotton flannel Indian costumes, turkey feather war bonnets, the sham of educated Indians posing as "pagans," arouses his ire. And the newspapers print his exposures. He is likewise a foe to the fakery in photography that shows the Indian as he is not, through the trickery of retouching and false lighting effects. And how many faked Indian pictures there are!

Uncle George Kellogg has been so serious and so truthful that the Indian children sometimes take his jokes seriously. Ruby, a little Seneca girl sitting on his veranda asked him about the moon and

what it was made of. "Well, they say," said he, "that it is made of green cheese." The little Indian girl laughed and clapped her hands. Later she went to school and the teacher opening the geography to the lesson of the day asked, "Can any one tell me about the moon?" Ruby raised her hand and said, "I can. It's made of green cheese. Uncle George Kellogg said so and he knows everything!"

The child's remark typifies the faith of her tribe in Uncle George.

ANDRES MARTINEZ, WHO WON BY WORKING

We have told the story of Tahan, the captive among the Kiowas and reviewed the book that he has written to tell the story of his progress from his Indian life to his present position as a successful business man in Ohio. But there is another story, equally interesting, that tells of a Mexican captive among the same Kiowa band and how he continuing among them found his way into civilization and business success. This story is related in "Andele, the Mexican-Kiowa Captive," by Rev. J. J. Methvin, of Anadarko, Oklahoma. It is a fascinating story of a boy's struggle to manhood amidst frightful odds and how he won out because his heart always leaned toward the best and the right of things.



ANDRES MARTINEZ

Andele, as you will find him called down among the Kiowa, was captured by the Apaches when he was a small boy. Later he was sold to a Kiowa. "His wife, Hon-zip-fa, took him to her heart at

once," says the book, "kind and loving as a real mother." His foster father was Heap o' Bears.

Andele had many adventures and learned all the lore of the Kiowa, even making a study to become a medicine man, but the sham of the practise began to dawn upon him and with this realization came the conviction that the power of the old Indian life had gone and that the "white man's road" was the strongest. He heard the Indian Agent talking to the men of the tribe, "The Great White Father in Washington wants all you young men to learn how to work so they may have money and have homes and be peaceable." Quick to resolve Andres said, "I'll do it. I will go at once and ask the Agent for work. I will change my life now." He went to work in a blacksmith shop and gradually picked up enough English to inquire if anyone could help him find his parents. The agency physician questioned him as to the events twenty years before and finally located his family. He went home and there was great rejoicing, but the Kiowas feared they had lost their beloved fellow, for, though a captive, he was greatly liked and given every privilege of a Kiowa. But Andres Martinez came back to the Indian people whom he had learned to love and who had been as kinsmen to him. Today after years of labor he has a fine tract of land, a splendid home and a business block in the city of Anadarko. He is a respected citizen and wields a large influence in his locality. His life story is one of those rare documents that give faith that there is some Cosmic force that guides men to better and nobler things.



WHAT THE PAPERS SAY ABOUT INDIANS

A SPECIAL INDIAN CONFERENCE

A conference of friends of the Indian was held at the City Club in Philadelphia on January 21 and 22. These friends numbered about thirty-five, and were gathered from Wyoming, South Dakota, Iowa, and Oklahoma, as well as from Boston, New York, Washington, and Philadelphia. Very frank and free discussions were held on both these days. Mr. Arthur C. Parker, president of the Society of Americans Indians, was the able chairman of the Conference, Mr. M. K. Sniffen of Philadelphia acting as secretary. Mr. Herbert Welsh, corresponding secretary of the Indian Rights Association, who for many years has never faltered in his brave fight against Indian abuses, was strong in his advocacy of taking the Indians off the reservations, scattering them among the white people, sending the children to the public schools, and bringing about as quickly as possible an end of the Indian problem and the Indian Bureau.

General Pratt was a notable and venerable figure at the Conference and was listened to with great respect as he took part in its discussions. Dr. Thomas Moffett of New York spoke of the Indian Bureau, its good points and its failures. He referred in complimentary terms to Commissioner Sells and his work. Among the faults of the Indian Bureau he deplored the transference instead of the dismissal of superintendents of proved inefficiency and immorality. The Rev. W. W. Carithers, of Apache, Ohio, made a thrilling address, giving a loving, fatherly account of his Indians.

Miss Mary C. Collins, who has been an Indian missionary for many years, made a notable address. Her subject was "The Religious Nature of the Indian." She told of his quick response to the story of the gospel and of his noble living when taught to follow in Christ's footsteps. She made an earnest appeal that the spiritual nature of the Indian be made the chief object in the teaching of the Indian.

Dr. F. A. McKenzie of Fisk University introduced the resolutions in these words:

"Even in a world on fire with democracy there is danger that some of our racial groups shall be neglected. That is why the authors of this statement, men and women long interested in the native American, have gathered in this conference. New reasons are now added to old reasons why justice should be done the Indian, and done quickly. A new concept of brotherhood is proclaimed and professed the world around. Profession without action is dangerous. Indians by the thousand are in our Army, offering their lives if need be for the honor of our flag and the good of the world. Shall they be asked to return to a nation which refuses them either rights or

standing? Disregarded, these thousands may appear before the Government and before the American public to demand their rights. Shall the American longer dally with this matter? Delay may add new elements puzzling and dangerous to our Indian problem. Wisely treated, these same thousands may become the leaven of progress among the Indian tribes, working to the elimination of dependency, pauperism, idleness and degeneracy, and leading to labor, to initiative, to hope and to independence. This is the moment to act. This is the favorable hour to assure every good for the Indian ward and the Indian citizen."—*The Southern Workman*.

TARDY JUSTICE TO THE INDIANS

A valuable contribution is made to the early history of the Northwest and tardy justice is done to the Indians by an article which O. B. Sperlin, of Tacoma, contributes to *The Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society*. From the journals of those white men who first came into contact with the Indians he describes the aborigines as these men found them in their natural state before they had been changed by association with the whites. He thus reaches certain conclusions as to what the Indian was before commerce degraded him and before white man began, indiscriminate slaughter. He makes "a record of observations by explorers, traders, scientists, surveyors, friars, adventurers, captives, lieutenants, clerks and sergeants" and thus sums of the case:

They show that the Indians received the strangers hospitably; that they practiced a simple, unostentatious religion; that they were men of honor, of simple industry and physical skill; that their government was simple, but efficient; and that the home embodied strong attachments, though it exhibited at times improperly apportioned burdens. Indian vices, not necessarily crimes, were such as improvidence, gambling and occasionally cruel treatment of enemies; but we cannot justly charge the race with the alleged crimes of treachery, drunkenness nor with atheism nor idolatry.

If the white race could honestly claim all of these virtues and could honestly acquit itself of more or worse vices than are here attributed to the Indians as the first white men found them, it would have more cause for pride. After the first explorers came the traders with sharp practices, hunters of fur-bearing animals, who were wild, drunken and reckless, and miners who were of the same general character. They taught the Indian their vices, familiarized him first with the shady side of civilization, and then denounced him for being what they had made him. By the time the great flood of peaceful, law-abiding settlers came, the Indian had been condemned as the natural enemy of the whites and had accepted that role: Nothing but mutual hatred and slaughter was then possible.

It would be well for the whites if they could say of themselves,

as Mr. Sperlin says of the Indians, that their religion was simple and unostentatious. As for our Government, it yearly strays further from simplicity and efficiency. The vices of the primitive Indian are such as we might expect among children of nature and are so common among us that we dare not cast the first stone, while he has learned worse vices from us. In the interest of justice we should do well to revise our opinion of the Indians in the light of Mr. Sperlin's records as to what they were when contact with the white race began.—Editorial in *The Oregonian*.

THE CARTER BILL

Towards the close of 1915 a plan was inaugurated for applying efficiency tests to the Indians, with a view of determining what Indians could be considered capable of managing their own affairs and were therefore eligible to full citizenship. A Commission was appointed, with Major McLaughlin at its head, to conduct extensive inquiries into the habits and capabilities of all applicants for the full rights of citizenship; and all Indians reported competent by this Commission were to receive full title to their lands and independence of further Government guardianship or assistance.

It is now reported that since the spring of 1916 some 219 Indians on the Standing Rock Reservation, found competent by Major McLaughlin, have received patents for their lands and have been given full citizenship rights. It is furthermore stated that with the close of the annual official visit of the commission to the Standing Rock Reservation this year 142 more Sioux will have shot their last arrow and become American citizens.

The ritual by which these Indians are emancipated is picturesque and appealing. During the ceremony each candidate is handed a bow and arrow. As the arrow leaves the string Major McLaughlin repeats impressively: 'You have shot your last arrow. That means that you are to live no longer the life of an Indian. You are, from this day forward, to live the life of a white man. But you may keep that arrow. It will be to you a symbol of your noble race and of the pride you feel because you come from the first of all Americans.' A plough symbolizes the next step; then a purse to signify thrift, and finally an American flag to whose support the candidate pledges his hands, his head, and his heart.

The results of the Commission's activities here reported do not make a large showing, perhaps, but they indicate at least some progress steadily made and we may doubtless assume that the pace is accelerating. It is to be remembered, too, that this report covers only one of several reservations visited.

Now, however, there is injected into the situation a speeding-up process. The most drastic Indian legislation proposed in any recent

Congress was introduced late in January by Representative Carter of Oklahoma, chairman of the House Indian Committee. Mr. Carter's bill provides "that every Indian born within the territorial limits of the United States is hereby declared to be a citizen of the United States, entitled to all the rights, privileges, and immunities of such citizens." The bill further authorizes the issue of land titles to all adult mixed-blood Indians having a quantum of less than one-half Indian blood, and the delivery to all such Indians of his full pro rata share of tribal funds. Commissions would be appointed "for the further purpose of determining the competency of Indians and placing them on their individual responsibility. It will be noted that while citizenship is conferred upon all Indians by this measure the other provisions apply only to those of mixed blood, although it is provided "that nothing contained in this Act shall be construed to impose restrictions heretofore or hereafter removed from Indian lands or property, nor to prohibit the Secretary of the Interior from removing restrictions upon such allottees as may in his opinion be expedient."

If this measure is enacted into law it is obvious that our whole Indian policy, which was calculated to lead up step by step to full citizenship, will suddenly be brought to a head. The period of tutelage will be eliminated for a large class. All Indians will immediately become citizens and all those of less than one-half Indian blood will be freed from any restrictions or supervision by the Federal Government within from three to six months. The result would probably be fortunate for some Indians and disastrous for others—in what proportions cannot be foreseen. One effect of the measure would be the elimination of a large part of the extensive and necessarily cumbersome machinery of that branch of the Government which looks after the Indians.

Opinion among friends of the Indian will be divided as to the merits of such a law. The conservative element will regard the measure as too hasty in removing protection from the Government's wards who would thus be left to the mercy of sharks and land grabbers; while the more radical element will welcome the measure as a wide and rapid stride forward. Most of the Indians will hail it with satisfaction and to many of them it would bring plain, tardy justice. Of one thing at least we may be sure—that a large element of the Indian population would acquire responsibility and competency the more quickly by being put upon their own resources.—*The Southern Workman*.

FULL-BLOOD INDIANS VOLUNTEER*

BY O. R. KOPPLIN, STANDING ROCK RESERVATION, S. DAK.

BULLHEAD, S. Dak., tucked away in a pretty valley on the Grand River, 20 miles southeast of McIntosh, once the hotbed of hostile Indians, who under Sitting Bull slew Custer and his men, also located but a few miles from the tragic spot where Sitting Bull himself was slain by the United States Indian police, was the scene of a most remarkable event Tuesday, December 11, 1917.

Under the auspices of the Tokala lodge and the White Horse Brigade, the full-blood descendants of the former hostiles and many of their sires gathered here in a demonstration of loyalty to this Government, seldom equaled anywhere. Seven young Indians were about to volunteer their services to Uncle Sam in the great war.

They left McIntosh the next morning to present themselves at the recruiting station at Aberdeen. To honor these "braves," the old and young of their race assembled at this substation of the Standing Rock Reservation to take part in a program of speeches and exercises in their behalf, and to give them the final adieu in the wee small hours of the following morning.

Notable participants in this affair were: Mary Crawler, only Indian woman survivor of the fight against Custer; Francis Bullhead, son of Lieut. Bullhead, who fell in the final action against Sitting Bull; Francis Redtomahawk, son of Marcellus Redtomahawk, still living, who, in personal combat, slew Sitting Bull; and Robert Higheagle, day school teacher at this station (named after Lieut. Bullhead), one of the most intellectual Indians on the reservation, if not in the entire country.

Francis Bullhead had fittingly been appointed marshal of the day. A procession formed at the day school headed, according to ancient custom, by a young woman of unimpeachable reputation, upon whom was bestowed the singular honor of carrying the colors, escorted by Indian police as guards of honor. This great token of merit was bestowed upon Miss Agnes One Elk. Behind her came the volunteers, Eugene Younghawk, James Weaselbear, Samuel Bravecrow, James Villagecenter, John Ironthunder, Joseph Leaf, and Thomas Pheasant. Next came school children, bedecked with national colors; next members of the Tokala lodge, all returned students from various Indian schools; surviving members of the White Horse Brigade, who always appeared in conflict on white steeds; members of three religious denominations, their societies, etc.; uniformed Indian police; lastly, warriors of "ye olde tyme."

While the procession was moving toward the town hall, the ancient Indian warriors' parade song was chanted by the White

* From *The Indian Leader*.

Horse Brigade. The parade ended with the populace entering the hall and getting ready for the indoor exercises presided over by Robert P. Higheagle. The hall was becomingly decorated and festooned with flags, bunting, and all sorts of combinations of the red, white and blue.

The following program was rendered so effectively that it aroused every Indian's patriotism to a fervor akin to white heat:

1. Opening address, "Why We Are Assembled Here,"
by Robert P. Higheagle, president.
2. Invocation, by the Rev. Joseph Whiteplume.
3. Hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."
4. Roll call of volunteers and drafted Indians from Standing Rock Reservation.
5. Address, "Duty of the Indians in this War," by Harvey Earring.
6. Song, "America," by Tokala Quartet.
7. Address, "The Manner of Going on the War Path in Olden Times," by David Seventeen.
8. Pinning of red, white, and blue emblems to the breasts of the volunteers by Miss Agnes One Elk.
9. Address, "The American Flag," by O. R. Kopplin. Francis Redtomahawk, interpreter.
10. Presentation of the colors to the volunteers by Miss Agnes One Elk.
11. Response by James Weaselbear, volunteer.
12. Vocal solo, "The Bugler," by Daniel Yellowearring. Piano accompaniment by John Bain.
13. Song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."
14. Address, "Accoutrements of Olden Times Warriors, and Their Usage," by Grover Eagleboy.
15. Old Indian war songs.
16. Initiation of the warriors.
17. Address, "Conservation of Foods During the War," by Antoine DeRockbraine, Sr.
18. Address, "Why My Son Volunteers," by Leo Weaselbear, father of Volunteer James Weaselbear.

The exercises being successfully concluded, money was raised for the volunteers, Red Cross and church workers. The evening was spent in the entertainment of the volunteers, which consisted mainly of dancing to music furnished by John Bain, accomplished Indian pianist, who was the only member of his orchestra daring enough to breast the snowstorm and cold to reach the scene of the commemoration. John's car was marooned out on the prairie, but undaunted he heroically walked six miles to Bullhead.

All the people were anxious to have some mementos of the occasion. The volunteers offered small pieces of wearing apparel to their friends, such as neckties, hats, etc. This immediately started an auction sale. A silk handkerchief brought \$16 to James Village-center; Eugene Younghawk's hat brought \$22; James Weaselbear's necktie, \$12; Samuel Bravecrow's hatband, \$26. Mary Crawler gave

each volunteer a new dime, with the sheen of the mint still upon it, as a mascot.

There were people here from Canada, Montana, Rosebud Agency, Pine Ridge Agency, Cheyenne River Agency, and from all the districts of this reservation.

The volunteers from this reservation are few in numbers, being mostly mixed bloods, who are nearly all white, but these boys of ours are all full-blood Indians. The quota from this district of the former hostiles is larger in number than the number from all the other districts combined, and, in event of the continuation of the war for some time, Bullhead district will probably maintain its numerical ascendancy in the sending of men as national defenders. Every one of these boys belongs to an Indian family of prominence. Once antagonistic and inimical to the Government, then heterogeneous and fratricidal among themselves like the North and South in the Civil War, now, however, like the old boys of the Blue and Gray, the Bullhead Indians present serried ranks in their devotion to Uncle Sam.

A few closing words about the festivities at the hall, which lasted all night. The boys had to catch No. 16, flyer, at McIntosh for Aberdeen, so they had to leave here at 4 a.m. Some left on horseback, some in a wagon. Had they left at a later hour a large crowd would have followed them to the station. Parents, brothers, sisters, and lovers bade adieu to the young warriors. A betrothal was consummated and promise of marriage given in the event of the return of one volunteer. Harvey Earring, one of the speakers, posed as a volunteer behind a high coat collar, and shared liberally in the maidens' kisses not meant for him. Finally, a wrinkled face owned by a volunteer's mother was pressed against his and he withdrew from the scene of osculation instantaneously.
